

Two Sonnets

by [Jeffrey Burghauer](#) (November 2019)



The Conservatory, Henri Matisse, 1938

1

Ample casements in the corridor

Frame the glass conservatory's L-

Angled roof. Approach. Peer downward, for

Through the heavy glass one's gaze can pour:
Jaffa limestone flooring, bronzes, hell-
Colored blossoms, vines, the palms they grope,
Oil lamps as in a dream hotel,
Dad's Hermès Ein Gedi-scented soap.

Lover, fix your gaze upon the sun
I've been long-bewildered that I'm from,
Just beyond that polished walnut verge.

"Welcome back, sir," says the concierge.

Welcome?—*who*, exactly? Be precise.

You can't step into the same name twice.



Pierre with Wooden Horse, Henri Matisse, 1908

2

Like the tip, cuts, shoulder of a key,
The sky is withdrawn, withdrawn again.
A toddler's face shifts so radically
Its expression well within the span

Of a single word's being plaited.

I wonder what green beans do all day.

Glossolalia: overrated

As orgasm, and in the same way.

I'd love to see a train horn's precise

Impact: a cleanly cross-sectioned beet

Of startled babies & worried mice,

Puddle skins pricked by birds' retreat.

In Heaven, all things cohere, we'll find;

Or they won't—but we won't mind.

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Jeffrey Burghauer is a teacher in Columbus, OH. He was educated at SUNY-Buffalo and the University of Leeds. He currently studies the five-string banjo with a focus on pre-WWII picking styles. A former artist-in-residence at the Arad Arts Project (Israel), his poems have appeared (or are forthcoming) in *Appalachian Journal*, *Fearsome Critters*, *Iceview*, *Lehrhaus*, and *New English Review*. Jeffrey's book-length collection, [Real Poems](#), is available on Amazon and his

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